

# The Sports Mike Moves Back to Record MICK THE MILLER'S LAST ST. LEGER



★ *It's a honey—  
it's a Hayworth*

Yes, it's Rita all right, but not as you'll see her in a film. This picture of Columbia's great little star was taken when she visited a U.S. Army Camp to give the boys a personal close-up of Charm with a capital "C." If ever you tie-up in a depot where they're re-showing the Rita Hayworth-Fred Astaire combination in "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER," you must see this film—we can recommend it.

## SOCCER PRO No. 1

LIVING still within the shadow of the grandstands on his old club's ground is a man who may justly claim to be Professional Footballer No. 1—the first of thousands who, through the years, have made Soccer the big business it is to-day.

Billy Joy, of Preston, was a star of the North End eleven of the early 1880s—back in the days when professionalism was illegal, and when payments, if made, had to be effected by dropping a half-sovereign into the hip-pocket of a man's pants as they hung on the dressing-room hook. Billy was playing in the Preston team of 1884—he claims to be the sole survivor—when a charge of professionalism was brought against the club after an F.A. Cup-tie.

An inquiry was held; the accusation was considered to have been proved, and Preston were forthwith expelled from the competition.

The subsequent outcry in favour of professionalism was so persistent that next season the F.A. were forced to bow their heads. Rather reluctantly, they decided to legalise payments.

## HOOFFING IT

Because of transport restrictions, Epsom-trained racehorses, when running at Salisbury this season, will be taken 50 miles in motor horse-boxes, and must then complete the journey on foot.

Only for the classic races and open events at Newmarket are journeys of more than 50 miles permitted.

Preston were quick to see the new opportunity opened up to them. They went after the best players of the day and offered good wages to any who cared to join them.

Within a few years they had succeeded in building up their celebrated team of "Old Invincibles," which in 1889 won both the English Cup and the Football League championship in the same season.

Taking the Cup without conceding a goal and the League shield without dropping a point, they set up a record which, to this day, is unequalled—although Aston Villa, in 1897, did succeed in emulating North End's double Cup-League triumph.

Three of this North End team of Invincibles are alive to-day, and the oldest of them, Sam Thompson, has just passed his eighty-first birthday.

Whether Sam and his colleagues—or, indeed, any of us—will ever see the Invincibles' great record equalled can only be conjectured.

JOHN NELSON.

Good evening to you all. This is John Nelson calling from Wembley Stadium, where, in a few minutes' time, the final of the greyhound St. Leger will be decided.

Around this huge arena, more than 40,000 people are assembled, all keyed up to a fever-pitch of excitement. For this is not merely the final of the St. Leger. It is also the last public appearance of that wonderful old dog, Mick the Miller.

Mick is to be retired after to-night's race, and those 40,000 men and women are here to wish him good-bye. Never has a film star had a more devoted following than this very ordinary-looking brindle-coloured greyhound with the amazingly long white-tipped tail.

In three seasons he has won nearly £8,000 in prize money for his owners—and he must have put ten times that sum into the pockets of his followers. Small wonder that Mick is so popular! Never has there been another dog like him—I doubt if there ever will be.

The dog with the human brain, they call him, for Mick is something more than a sprinter. He runs each race with such perfect generalship that you might easily imagine he had a jockey on his back, telling him just what to do and when.

When he first won the greyhound Derby two years ago, he started at 100 to 1 in the betting. After the opening heat he was down to 25 to 1, and in the final he went to the post at 10 to 1 on 1. With such enthusiasm did the greyhound racing crowds take Mick to their hearts from the first.

Since then, Mick has won pretty nearly everything worth winning—including the Derby again last year—but he rather fell from grace in this year's Derby final in June. To-night he is out to show that that was only a temporary lapse, such as all great champions have at some time or other—and we shall soon know whether or not Mick can justify himself.

At all events, Mick—once raced by an Irish priest, and now owned by Mrs. Arundel Kempton—is starting favourite in the betting. The backers give him an even money chance of redeeming his fame and fortune.

A spotlight has just been switched on and is stabbing a white patch through the blackness towards the track entrance.

The bookies are still shouting themselves hoarse, "Even s, Mick the Miller," and away behind me the Tote clicks incessantly. Seldom Led is being well supported, I'm told, but most of the money is going on old Mick.

Now the dogs are coming out, each led by a white-coated, bowler-hatted kennel man. First, Bradshaw Fold, wearing the red jacket; then Virile Bill, in blue; next, Mick, carrying the white; and lastly, Seldom Led, in black.

Cheer after cheer is following Mick as the four are paraded round the track. You can hear the roar now as they pass immediately in front of the microphone . . . "Good old Mick."

That's the cry, and it seems as if everyone among the 40,000 is taking it up.

The procession is halted, and the dogs are being given a final look-over by the veterinary surgeon. Everything is in order and they are on the way to the traps.

They're all quickly installed, Bradshaw Fold in trap 1; Virile Bill, trap 2; Mick the Miller, trap 3; and Seldom Led, trap 4. The race is over 700 yards.

The spotlight is dimmed; only those lights along the green belt of turf are left burning, and the electric hare is off on its first preliminary tour of the track.

Slowly, now gathering speed, it completes the circuit. The starting bell—a flag is waved, the traps are lifted.

The four dogs leap out. Mick the Miller is last away, and is still last coming to the first bend. It looks as if he may be biding his time, weighing up the merits of his rivals.



Bouncy says: "How d'yer like it, lads? Drop us a line!"

Still the crowd—even those who may have backed other dogs—seem to have but one thought—for Mick. "Mick, come on, Mick!" They're yelling themselves hoarse. Yelling the cry that has so often in the past stirred the old dog to renewed efforts.

But this time Mick seems strangely unresponsive. Seldom Led—true to his name—is there in front, followed by Bradshaw Fold and Virile Bill, almost neck-to-neck, with Mick still last.

Is the Miller too old at five—or is the distance too great for him? Remember, the St. Leger is a stayer's race, and Mick has always hitherto been a sprinter. He's still last. . . .

Only three hundred yards to go now . . . and it looks like Seldom Led's race. He is going like the wind . . . and bringing up the rear is—old Mick. Mick is still last. . . .

The crowd is now giving him a final, almost despairing, cheer



—and how they're cheering! And Mick is pulling up. He's level now with Bradshaw Fold and Virile Bill, still running together, and hot after Seldom Led. Mick may not win, but he's staging a grand finish.

Another short, sharp spurt—and now he's level. He's ahead. And he's swerving right across the track. Over into his favourite inside position.

So the old dog was content to stay last while he thought it all out! What jockeyship old Mick has!

They're coming now to the last bend. Mick is still on his favourite inside berth, but it isn't going to be easy. The other three dogs are right on top of him. They look like finishing all together.

Virile Bill is moving up now. It's a great race. From here he seems slightly in front, but Mick is coming again. Virile Bill has swerved slightly—and oh! Mick, using that long, ship-like tail of his as a rudder, has slipped inside again—and in front.

Mick is in front, with only two yards to go.

And—he's won. He's got home by the shortest of short heads. The other three dogs have finished right on his heels. Mick always was one for hair-breadth finishes!

What an ending to the old lad's racing career—and what a farewell he is getting! The lights are full on now, and everyone seems to be on tip-toes with delight, men and women alike, flinging hats high into the darkness, waving scarves and handkerchiefs, shouting, whistling, singing, and cheering. . . .

That old familiar cheer—"Good old Mick."

## POSTSCRIPT.

That St. Leger was Mick's last race. He had brought his prize-winnings to £10,000, and was retired to stud, there to earn nearly £2,000 a year until he reached the ripe old age of 13.

But it was not Mick's last public appearance. For when he died, his brindle hide was stuffed, and now stands for all to see in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

To this day there has never been another greyhound like him—Mick the Miller, the dog with the human brain.

## I get around

IT looks at first rather like a casualty clearing station. Through a dense fog I can identify vague masses of limbs and boots and Pepsi-Kola bottles.

Draped on the walls, sprawled on the tables and sitting reversed on chairs are hundreds of forms; from each a volume of smoke is climbing.

There is a crude stench of drinks and tobacco and gum and sweating bodies.

Now I can see a relief in the clouds, there is a light somewhere in front of me. My eyes are accustomed to the stagnant atmosphere, and I can detect moving figures on a platform at the far end of the hall.

I have just told somebody that I am sorry for bumping into him.

I have asked him where I am. I am at the Pavilion all right.

There is a Troops' concert on!

A LETTER from a Worthing friend says: "These are difficult days for a baby to be born into! My infant promises to be a healthy one, but such a venture is sure to be a bit delicate to start with. . . ."

She was referring, of course, to her new book, "Many Enchantments," in which she relates the strange events that occur in the village of Brimsdown.

It is an enjoyable book, and, to say the least, of uncommon flavour, and the illustrations, also by the author, are most attractive. The title, in fact, adequately describes the delights in store for those who enjoy subtle and imaginative writing.

AMONG other oddments in the collecting box for a proposed hospital on the South Coast were five farthings, three buttons (one pearl and two trouser), a paper clip, and a .303 cartridge case.

By  
RONALD RICHARDS

I HEAR an Aylesbury town councillor has suggested that ex-poachers should be recruited to rid the farmers of the rabbit plague.

Black-marketeers are said to have reacted by contemplating the hiring of ex-bag-snatchers to grab the rabbits from the ex-poachers.

It will possibly enter somebody's mind to recruit ex-pick-pockets to collect from the black-marketeers the purchase tax accruing from the sale of the rabbits grabbed by the ex-bag-snatchers from the ex-poachers. If they'll all get paid on results—what can we lose?

THE Yanks may think they have the technique of salesmanship well mastered, but, believe me, they have nothing on the Middlesex-street (London) sellers whom I encountered recently.

I went down there for a stroll, and when I left I was three pounds poorer and a stone heavier.

I have smelling salts for my sick friend, a comb for my sister, a cigarette case for my brother, a saw and some nails for my father, a powder compact for my girl friend, safety pins for my baby, and for self I was talked into believing I needed three kinds of hair oil, a pair of scissors, a French magazine, and some stomach powder.

This is my point: My friend is not sick, my sister doesn't want a comb, my brother doesn't smoke, my father would have no idea what to do with a saw or nails, I do not believe in giving girl friends any kind of present, let alone powder compacts, I haven't got a baby, I never have occasion to use scissors, I cannot read French, and my stomach doesn't trouble me a bit.



## Periscope Page

# How to Write a Song

By HUGH CHARLES.

I FEEL a postscript is called for in this brief course on song-writing. You've completed your song and you feel that you've achieved something. Now this is where the real heartbreak starts. You have now got to convince the publisher, who is, after all, a hard-headed business man and has built his business on a certain knowledge of public tastes; you've got to try and convince artistes and band leaders that your song will give that final touch of artistry to their programmes, and in this round-about fashion you must convince the public.

Well, do you still want to write popular songs? You do? All right. Good luck, boys!



Can you reverse this triangle in three moves only?

## Answers to Yesterday's Pronunciation Puzzle

Hay-nus.  
In-dite-ment.  
Ir-rep-ar-a-bl.  
Mis-chi-vus.  
Nev-ew.  
Pro-feel.  
Res-pit.  
Flak-sid.  
Shed-ule.  
Med-sn.  
Kom-an-dant.  
Day-bree.  
Ker-tee-us.  
For-ed.  
For-mid-abl.  
Kon-tra-ri.

## Take a Tip on SNOOKER

By JOE DAVIS

IT gives me a pain to see the way some young people stand to play snooker or billiards. Quite keen players, too! Get down to it, lads! Think of your cue again as a rifle, and sight along it; and to do that you will have to get your chin down near the cloth. To get nicely balanced, stand just like a boxer, with back leg stiff, body leaning forward slightly, left arm fully extended. Then, if you bend down over the shot, you are about right for balance.

If you want to copy my stance, let me tell you something: my cue brushes my tie just below the knot. In fact, quite privately, I wear out my ties that way. The cue slides under my body, fairly close, and gently rubs my tie. The whole theory of stance is to enable the player to cue in a perfectly straight line, and that must always be

## Follow the Brains Trust

WITH HOWARD THOMAS

"IS it true that music fascinates cobras and stops them from attacking? Can you explain this charm, and does it ever fail?"

This question was put to the B.B.C. Brains Trust, and here are some of the answers:—

**Commander A. B. Campbell:** "I have seen cobras fascinated in India by flute-playing. I remember once, in Bombay, it was Armistice Day, and the troops were all lined up on board. A native came aboard to show this trick. It was just at the two minutes' silence, and all stood to attention on deck. He placed his basket on the deck. Slowly the lid of the basket lifted, and one of the cobras wriggled out. It took some nerve on the part of the troops to stand the rest of the two minutes' silence while this thing was slithering around the deck. Then the native came along and started playing the flute, and back the creature came and crept into the basket."

**Julian S. Huxley:** "I, unfortunately, have not had the advantages of Commander Campbell in travelling about the Eastern parts of the globe and other places, so that I have never seen this actual business of fascinating cobras, which undoubtedly does happen. But as far as I remember, there have been some experiments which indicate that the so-called fascination is clearly very real, and is chiefly done through the sense of sight rather than the sense of sound. Sense of sound is an accident which is trained through the sense of sight."

**Malcolm Sargent:** "I have watched this snake-charming business, and it is interesting to note that the type of music is hardly important. It doesn't matter whether it is good music or bad music. It is just a sound, and a continuous sound, which has a sort of mesmeric effect upon the snake. But then, this is true of many other animals. Almost all domestic animals are influenced when you play the piano. Your canary, or the budgerigar at home, who simply adores a vacuum cleaner, which sound I can't bear, but it immediately breaks into song. It is the long sound the man plays on his flute (it doesn't matter what he plays) which interests the cobra and makes him for the moment not dangerous, because his attention is centred elsewhere."

**Julian S. Huxley:** "I can't remember the experiments off-hand, but I think that if you play the music without being seen it does not have an effect, which rather indicates that it is a visual thing. You can hypnotise a great many animals, or

mesmerise them, or whatever you like to call it, by causing them to fix their gaze on something close. A standard example, of course, is the hen on a chalk line. I am just wondering whether it is because the flute is being played near the cobra's nose that he fixes his eyes on it and it mesmerises him, possibly with the little additional help from the continuous musical sound."

**Malcolm Sargent:** "I don't think it necessarily is, for, as far as I can remember with the snakes, they are not always facing the instrument concerned. They turn about, and when they come out of the basket they obviously find out where the sound comes from. Playing from behind a screen would be almost equally effective. Certainly it is with dogs and cats. A dog will come to a piano (or run away from a piano!); in any case, it is influenced by the actual sound, and it does not necessarily have to see it."

**Commander A. B. Campbell:** "The snake-charmers start with the basket closed. They start playing low notes on their flute or reed, and slowly the lid of the basket closed—so the cobra doesn't get any visual effect from the commencement."

What does your Brains Trust think?



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by JULES VERNE

"Don't get irritated, Ned," then said I to the harpooner, "and do not compromise yourself by useless violence. Who knows that we are not overheard? Let us rather try to make out where we are."

I groped my way about. When I had gone about five steps I came to an iron wall made of riveted plates. Then turning, I knocked against a wooden table, near which were several stools. The walls revealed no traces of either door or window. Conseil, going round the reverse way, met me, and we returned to the centre of the room, which measured about twenty feet by ten. As to its height, Ned Land, notwithstanding his tall stature, could not measure it.

Half an hour passed away without bringing any change in our position, when from the extreme of obscurity our eyes passed suddenly to the most violent light. After having involuntarily closed my eyes I opened them again, and saw that the luminous agent was escaping from a polished half-globe, shining in the top part of the room.

"Well, we can see at last!" cried Ned Land, who, with his knife in hand, held himself on the defensive.

"Yes," answered I, risking the antithesis, "but the situation is none the less obscure." However, the luminous globe

was not lighted without a reason. A noise of bolts and bars being withdrawn was heard, the door opened, and two men appeared. One was short in stature, vigorously muscular, with abundant black hair, thick moustache, and all his person imprinted with that southern vivacity which characterises the Provençal inhabitants of France.

The second deserves a more detailed description. I read at once his dominant qualities on his open face—self-confidence, energy, and lastly, courage. I felt involuntarily reassured in his presence, and augured good from it. He might be of any age from thirty-five to fifty. His tall stature, wide forehead, straight nose, clear-cut mouth, magnificent teeth, taper hands, indicated a highly nervous temperament. One strange detail was that his eyes, rather far from each other, could take in nearly a quarter of the horizon at once. This faculty—I verified it later on—was added to a power of vision superior even to that of Ned Land.

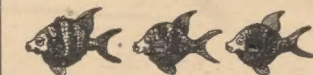
The two strangers had on caps made from the fur of the sea-otter, sealskin boots, and clothes of a peculiar texture, which allowed them great liberty of movement.

The taller of the two—evidently the chief on board—examined us with extreme attention without speaking a word. Then he turned

towards his companion, and spoke to him in a language I could not understand.

The other answered by shaking his head and pronouncing two or three perfectly incomprehensible words. Then, from his looks, he seemed to be questioning me directly.

"If monsieur would relate his story," said Conseil, "these gentlemen may understand some words of it."



I began the recital of my adventures, articulating clearly all my syllables, without leaving out a single detail. I gave our names and qualities. The man with the soft, calm eyes listened to me calmly, and even politely, with remarkable attention. But nothing in his face indicated that he understood me. When I had done he did not speak a single word. "It is your turn now, Land," I said to the harpooner. "Make use of your best English, and try to be more fortunate than I."

Ned did not need urging, and began the same tale in English, and ended by saying that we were half-dead with hunger. To his great disgust, the harpooner did not seem more intelligible than I. Our visitors did not move a feature. I was wondering what to do next, when Conseil said to me—

"If monsieur will allow me, I will tell them in German."

Continued on page 3

## JANE

WHY—GOOD HEAVENS!—BIGWOLF HAS MADE A BLOOMER!—HE TIED ME TO THE WRONG TRACK!!!



As the train thunders by Jane sees a dark figure leap from one of the carriages...

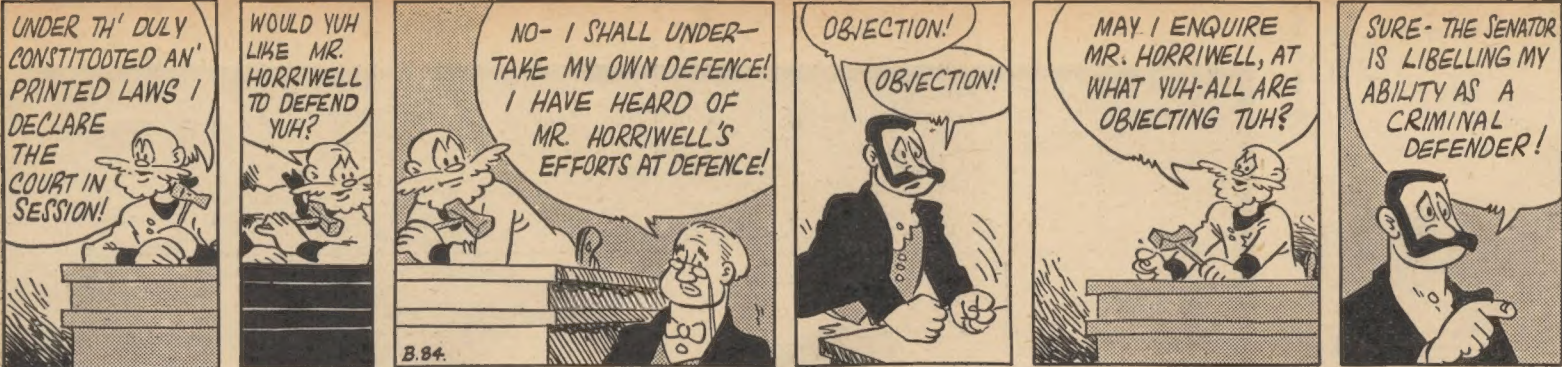


SOMEBODY JUMPED ON THE LINE!?!—HELP!—HE-ELP! RESCUE!!!

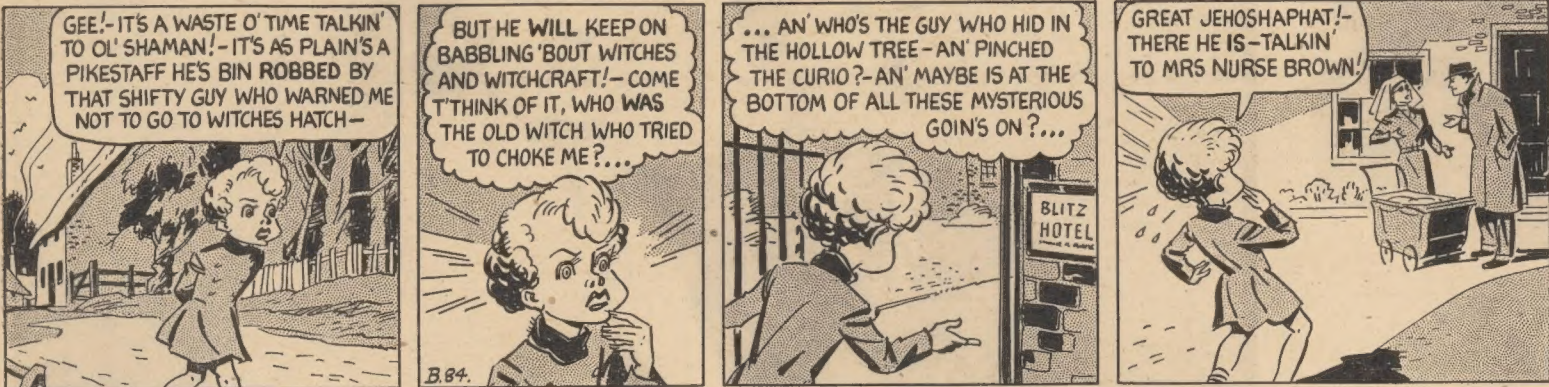




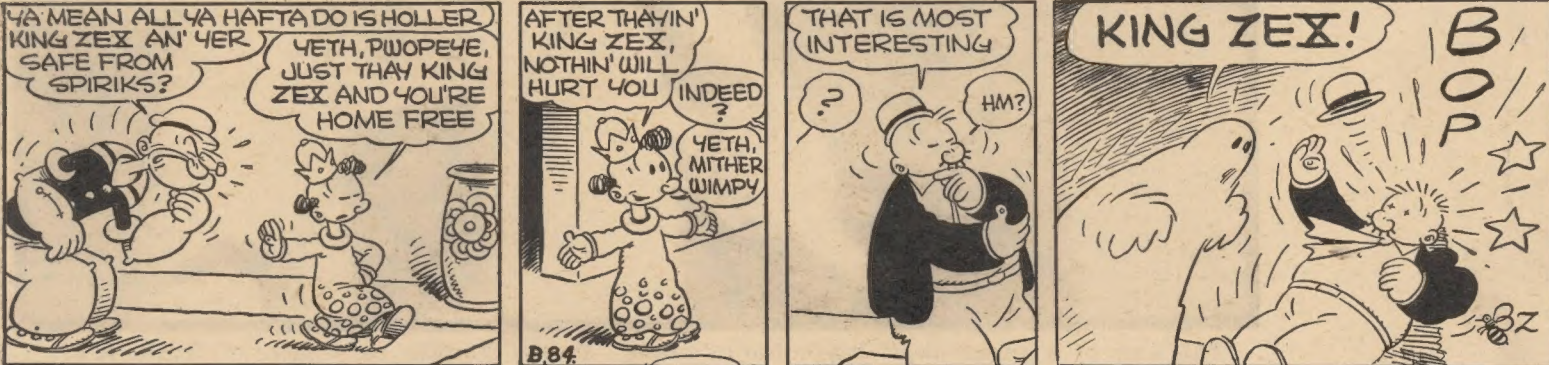
Beelzebub Jones



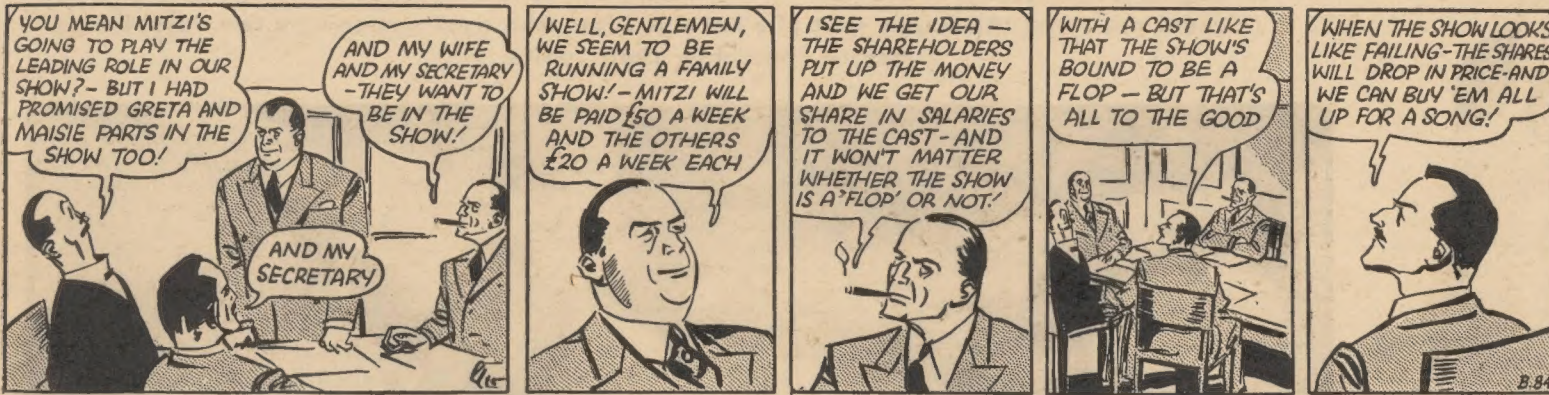
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS HEARD THIS ONE ?

Continued from page 2.

"Well, do your best, old fellow." And Conseil, in his tranquil voice, told our story for the third time, but without success.

After this last attempt the strangers exchanged a few words in their incomprehensible language, and went away without a gesture that could reassure us. The door closed upon them.

"It is infamous!" cried Ned Land, who broke out again for the twentieth time. "What! French, English, German are spoken to those rascals, and not one of them has the politeness to answer."

"Calm yourself, Ned," said I to the enraged harpooner; "anger will do no good."

"But do you know, professor," continued our irascible companion, "that it is quite possible to die of hunger in this iron cage?"

As he was saying these words the door opened, and a steward entered. He brought us clothes similar to those worn by the two strangers, which we hastened to don.

Meanwhile the servant—dumb and deaf too in all appearance—had laid the cloth for three.

"This is something like," said Conseil, "and promises well."

"I'll bet anything there's nothing here fit to eat," said the harpooner.

"We shall soon see," said Conseil.

Amongst the dishes that were placed before us I recognised several kinds of fish delicately cooked; but there were some that I knew nothing about, though they were delicious. The dinner service was elegant and in perfect taste; each piece was engraved with a letter and motto of which the following is a fac-simile:—

Mobilis in Mobile.

N.

Mobile in a mobile element!

The letter N was doubtless the initial of the enigmatical person who commanded at the bottom of the sea.

Ned and Conseil did not observe so much. They devoured all before them, and I ended by imitating them.

But at last even our appetite was satisfied, and we felt overcome with sleep.

(Continued to-morrow)

Dashing into the office in a great hurry, a man panted out, "Quick, the police are after me. Where can I hide?"

"Get in the filing cabinet. Nobody can ever find anything there," said the boss sarcastically.

When the new recruit arrived at his depot, the officer examined his papers and said, "I see you're described as a carrier. I suppose you drive a motor lorry?"

"No, sir."

"What, then? A horse and cart?"

"No, sir."

"Then what kind of a carrier were you?"

"Typhoid, sir."

It was "elevenes" in the Government Dept., and the typists were discussing their various jobs, peace and war.

"You've been typist to a lot of brass-hats, haven't you?" asked Sue.

"Yes," said Sally, "but I think I'm on my last lap now."

The man with a philosophical turn of mind was explaining things to a friend. "When under the weather," he said, "I go at once to a doctor. Doctors have to live, you know. And then, after getting a prescription, I go at once to the chemist. Chemists also have to live, you know."

"Arriving home, I immediately throw the medicine away."

"Why on earth do you do that?"

"I also must live, of course."

Mrs. Smith (at breakfast): "Could I have a little money for shopping, my dear?"

Mr. Smith: "Certainly. Would you rather have an old fiver or a new one?"

"A new one, of course."

"Here's the ONE, and I'm four pounds to the good."

Tommy was being interviewed for a job as office boy, and to test his intelligence the manager asked, "Now, my lad, what would you do with one hundred pounds?"

"I dunno, sir," replied Tommy, after a moment's hesitation. "I didn't expect so much for a start."

THEY SAY—WHAT DO YOU SAY?

VILLAGES are not what they once were, for the village as history knew it went out with the crinoline and the clouded cane. First, the railway hit them hard, and then the bicycle about finished them off. Now comes the radio and the flivver. In the not-so-very-long-ago every village on earth was exactly the same kind of place, and all these were inhabited by—precisely the same kind of people. Timidish, ingrowing people, they were.

Mr. James Stephens.

WHAT is the most perfect final sentence to any book? Since this is probably not universally known, I ask leave to reproduce it here for its own sake. It is the conclusion of J. L. Motley's great history: "As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

Mr. Alan Dent.

NO association of nations can be really lasting if it has been secured by coercion. The decision, however bold, must be voluntary.

Dr. Hubert Ripka, Czechoslovak Minister of State.

SCIENCE has not been regarded as an essential part of a balanced education. If you look through a list of scientists in Britain, you find that the public schools are almost entirely unrepresented.

Sir Lawrence Bragg.

YOU find in women a pedantic adherence to rules, a preoccupation with the letter of the law rather than with its spirit; a concentration upon form rather than substance. And, speaking of forms, how women love filling up forms!

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

THE highly strung crack target shot who's completely put off if somebody disturbs him is not going to do any good at all with a dive-bomber roaring down on him. But a reasonable shot, who can keep his head, ought to get him every time. When I'm lecturing about shooting, I always tell about Wild Bill Hickoc. His biographers said that Bill was never a good shot, Bill could never knock the ace pip out of a card—all that Bill could do was to shoot straight while he was being shot at. And that's all that really matters.

Mr. Robert Churchill.

THERE has never been a period in which the growth of the Christian Church has been so rapid as in our own time.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE question of twentieth-century equipment for all homes is a matter on which the working women of this country have already made up their minds. Having been used in war-time to the excellent equipment of the best factories, they will not go back to kitchens in which only a native of New Guinea would take the slightest pride.

Mr. H. W. Healy.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1 Simpleton. 5 Short coming. 10 Undid. 11 Mass of eggs. 12 Apex. 13 Bother over details. 15 Corded fabric. 17 Dupes. 18 Extraordinary. 20 Melody. 22 Furnaces for refuse. 26 Storm. 27 S. Wales river. 28 Medicine. 30 Formal. 32 Tooth covering. 34 Flattered. 36 Urge. 37 Giggles. 38 Repel. 39 Support.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem

DISHES BITS UNTIL MEDAL SLOPE AGAPE KEN CRY HEW TENTH YORE A ASIDE D DRAG NOTCH HAM SON HUB EVOKE AGILE RENEW TITLE EGGY TENSOR

CLUES DOWN.

2 Drink. 3 Pieces of timber. 4 Waist-piece of skirt. 5 Lair. 6 Buildings. 7 Therefore. 8 Captures. 9 N. of England river. 12 Poke. 14 Wanton animal. 16 Low walls. 19 Disorganise. 21 Thick coverlet. 23 Vehicle. 24 Vent. 25 Side-ways. 28 Gibe. 29 Falls behind. 31 Newts. 33 Kindled. 35 Age.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

"I say, Claude, isn't it wonderful? I've never been inside a submarine before. I wonder if there are any mice around?"



## Hi Jinx!

And in case you think we're being smart, girl's name IS Jinx Falkenburg, and film Columbia's "Lucky Legs." Although this film was generally released some time ago, submariners in remote parts may still get an opportunity to see it.



# This England . . .



The end of a seven-days' leave honeymoon. Young Britain ruminates—"Gosh, it's been grand." "What memories . . . What a background . . . dear old Thames—good old English countryside . . . and you." We don't know who they were—but our cameraman could not resist this happy shot of a lad and a lass who were snatching a few days' bliss before rejoining their units.



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Put your paw in, you silly ass!"



"It's in the bag." And it looks as though the ol' grey mare knows a thing or two. Judging by the way she's holding things, that dame on the left doesn't look as though she's giving anything away. Do you think she hid that piece of sugar at the back there, deliberately?